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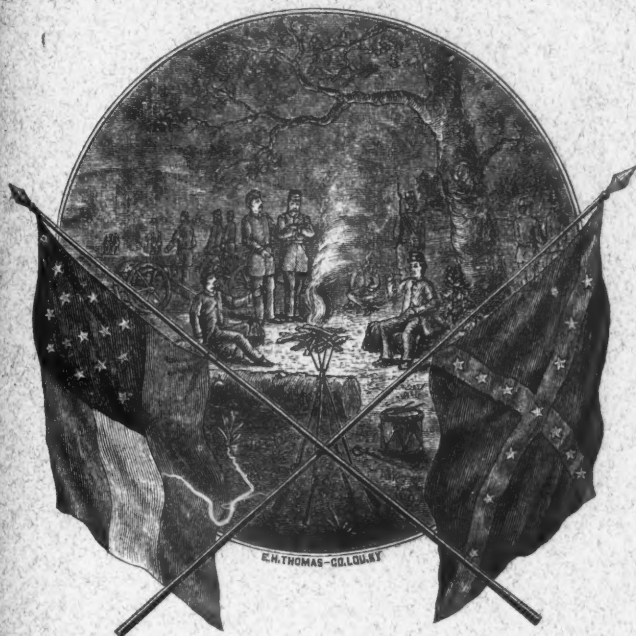
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1884.

No. 8.

SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

NUMBER TWO.

The year of 1863 was full of stirring events. Each side full of hope, thought to end the struggle by putting forth the whole of its strength; and, along the opposing lines from the Mississippi to the Potomac, the war-spirit was fiercer, combats more frequent, and the



N. B. Forrest

battles bloodier. Look where you might, there was the giving and taking of blows. But the busiest among the busy were Forrest and his men—now descending like a thunderbolt on some well-provisioned fortress—now snatching a prize from the very jaws of the

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lion. If he halted, it was for only a few hours' rest, or to bury his dead; then off again in full retreat or hot pursuit. In this sketch there is no space to follow him. Volumes would hardly do him justice, so numerous and so brilliant were his efforts. Of the few we shall notice, the most remarkable was the capture of Colonel Streight and his men.

In the latter part of April, 1863, a bold attempt was made by the Federals to strike a blow at Bragg's communication with North Georgia, whence chiefly came his army supplies. A cavalry command of picked men, about two thousand strong, under Colonel Streight, was selected for the difficult task. To start them fresh and intact for the perilous ride, as far South as possible, the raiders were taken by boat up the Cumberland to Eastport, near Tuscumbia, Alabama. Here disembarking, they soon came up with a heavy force of infantry and cavalry under General Dodge, which had been sent from Corinth to mask the movement. They were to attract attention and engage the enemy till Streight had gotten far enough on his way to distance pursuit. It was a good plot, and as far as success might rest on horses and steamboats and even fair soldiership, was well planned and executed. Every peril had been carefully weighed except the invincible courage and combative genius of Forrest.

Streight had already formed a junction with Dodge before Forrest, by order of Bragg, went to assist Colonel Roddy, who was doing his best to keep back the invading column.

Ignorant of the secret purpose of the Federals, Forrest sent a portion of his command, under Colonel Dibrell, to menace the enemy by feigning to cross the Tennessee at Florence, in their rear. With the rest he crossed the river higher up, and on the 27th of April came up with Roddy strongly posted in the enemy's front on the east bank of Town creek, four miles east of Tuscumbia.

At sunrise next morning (28th), Forrest saluted Dodge with a discharge of artillery. The first missile struck the Federal headquarters and started armed men from the earth into line. The Federal artillery was quick to respond, and across the creek raged for five hours an almost bloodless conflict. In the meantime, Dibrell was actively engaged in furnishing grounds of alarm to the Federal general. He made many kinds of demonstration and had a report circulated in Tuscumbia that Van Dorn, with all of Bragg's cavalry, was near at hand. Despite the gloomy outlook, Dodge held his ground till night and then fell back by the light of burning buildings, keeping Forrest on his front so as to give Streight a winning start.

During the day Forrest had heard from a reliable scout, that a body of Federal cavalry had been seen sixteen miles south of the battle-field, moving rapidly toward Georgia. He suspected their object, but could not think of pursuing till Dodge had turned his face homeward. When at nightfall he withdrew, Forrest got ready to go with all possible speed after Streight. At dawn, on the following morning, (29th), leaving a part of his command to hang on the rear of Dodge, he took the rest and set out on his memorable ride. At Moulton, the same day, hearing that the enemy were still moving eastward, he divided his forces. Roddy was sent with his own and Edmondson's regiments, Julian's battalion, and Ferrell's battery, to follow up the foe, while he, with Starnes' and Biffle's regiments, and a section of Morton's battery took a more northerly route to head off the raiders. By this time Streight must have been at least thirty miles in advance. To catch up with him Forrest traveled nearly all night. At daylight of the 30th, scouts reported that the enemy had passed the night at Sand mountain, just four miles off. The game now was nearly flushed and Forrest hastened from his own column, leaving Biffle in charge, and joined Roddy's, which was on another road and near the enemy. Soon the smoke of their camp fires was visible and the Confederates approached quite near without being discovered. A motley crowd they saw there among the hills; unhappy refugees, with cattle and moveables, who had escaped the clutches of Dodge to fall into the hands of Streight—negroes, men and women, some mounted on mules, others afoot.

A shell from one of Morton's guns very informally announced the arrival of Forrest. The consternation it caused may be imagined. In a moment fugitives were seen scampering in every direction and victory seemed within easy reach. But a fatal delay occurred. The Confederates, who had been riding almost without food for thirty-six hours, stopped to eat the hot breakfast which the Federals had abandoned. A half hour was thus lost, and when the Federals were overtaken they were discovered occupying a strong position across the mountain gorge. Forrest, with accustomed promptness, attacked at once on front and both flanks. His artillery was pushed up within musket range, and the assaulting lines pressed forward with shouts and delivering a destructive fire. With steady valor the Federals met charge with charge, and pushing back the Confederates captured two of their guns. Starnes' and Biffle's regiments, from another road, were ordered up to take part in the action, for the pursued threatened to become the pursuers.

Forrest now, with more deliberation and with a stronger front moved to the attack, but was surprised to find only a thin line of skirmishers, who rapidly retreated.

Streight had disappeared. A special task had been set for him to do and he was not to be turned from his path by a foe he had easily repulsed and two of whose guns he had carried off. Forrest, now foiled and beaten, took a desperate resolve. At least so it appears to the common mind, but in his case it was more properly a suggestion of genius eagerly adopted by a daring spirit. He sent Roddy with his regiment and Julian's battalion with the wounded and prisoners back to Decatur. Edmondson's regiment (Eleventh Tennessee), was ordered to keep on the enemy's left to prevent his escape north, and with the remaining two regiments (Dibrell's and Biffle's) and Ferrell's battery, he determined to push on and by ceaseless pursuit and assault to wear out the foe and capture him. Stripped for the race he now renewed the contest.

In a short time the rear guard was overtaken, and for several miles a running fight was kept up. At last the enemy was brought to bay. Just beyond Long creek, Streight had halted his men on a commanding ridge, with his artillery strongly posted. Though the odds were two to one, Forrest's attack was prompt and vigorous. Keeping for a reserve only a hundred men, under Biffle, the rest dismounting, he led rapidly up the face of the hill. The rays of the setting sun streamed through the tree-tops full in the face of the enemy, as the Confederates with fierce cries engaged in the unequal combat.

The Federals, though deceived as to their numbers by the violence of the assault, held their ground and returned blow for blow. Still closer pressed the assailants, and still like a rock stood Streight's men. The deepening twilight lent a horrid splendor to the scene, and in the darkness so closely approached the lines, that the blaze of the discharge revealed the features of the combatants to their adversaries. For three hours the fight raged, and victory trembled in the balance. Though unconquered by valor, the Federals yielded to a stroke of genius. Forrest, ever cool and most fertile at the supreme moment, sent Colonel Biffle, with his reserve of one hundred men, to get in the Federal's rear and *attack the horseholders* under cover of darkness. Biffle made the circuit, and opened upon the unsuspecting crowd. The Confederates hearing the firing, supposed it was Roddy attacking the enemy's flank. The whole line now moved forward with shouts, and before their impetuous charge the Federals gave way and

fled in disorder. Night covered the retreat. The fear of shooting each other made the Confederates slow to pursue. But Forrest followed on, sending ahead spies who, mingling with the Federals, found out their plans and reported them to him. After going about four miles he learned from scouts that Streight had drawn up his men across the road, to give him battle again.

Forrest knowing the danger of making a night attack, arranged his men to guard against mistake, and to strike terror into the foe. Forming them in line across the road, and drawing up the cannon by hand, he advanced his whole front noiselessly to within two hundred yards of the Federals. For a moment the two lines stood near each other in silence, the Federals anxiously peering into the blackness to find their enemy, the Confederates impatiently awaiting the signal to fire. At the word of command, from hill to hill a sheet of flame leaped upward, now followed by the mingled roar of cannon and musketry. It was more than mortals could stand, and without returning the fire the Federals broke and fled. Night again shielded them from swift pursuit, though Forrest, still like an avenging Nemesis, pressed close behind. About 10 o'clock A. M., the scouts reported that Streight, with indomitable purpose, had again formed for battle.

Repeating his last mode of attack, Forrest, with extended front and cannon drawn by hand, approached stealthily the Federal position, at the same time dispatching a party under Colonel McLemore to attack on the flank. At the outburst, the Federals, as if expecting it, for a moment returned the fire, but the attack on the flank was another surprise, and soon they fled in hopeless rout.

It was now 2 o'clock, and Forrest was compelled to halt his command for food and sleep. At daybreak (May 1), the bugle called to saddle, and the tired troopers remounted. At 11 A. M. the advance overtook the Federals at Blountsville, where, having put some of their baggage on pack-mules, they had set fire to their train and moved off rapidly.

Forrest overtook them before they reached Black Warrior, and inflicted severe loss at the crossing of that stream. After another halt of a few hours, the Confederates were again in the saddle by midnight. The enemy now began to destroy bridges behind them, and in other ways embarrass pursuit. As they pressed all the horses found in the country through which they passed, and left but few for Forrest and his men, it made a great difference in the comparative horse-power of the two commands.

Three days of constant activity, with very little food and sleep,

had quite exhausted the Confederates, while not a few of the horses were entirely broken down. Many began to despair of capturing the raiders, and to abate in their enthusiasm. This only impelled Forrest to greater effort. On the morning of May 2d, he re-assorted his men, and reduced them now to about six hundred. Then he made them a short speech.

Though untaught in the art of persuasion, he had the power to "stir men's souls." Though without "words or utterance," at times, his vehement spirit found expression and set aflame the hearts of his comrades.

Upon this occasion he was aided by the presence of some ladies, whose husbands had been carried off by the raiders. Their tears and prayers he made use of, with the skill of the practiced orator; and his impassioned manner and burning words rekindled their enthusiasm.

Once more in the saddle, the column moved off now at a gallop. The enemy was soon overtaken, and for ten miles, to Black creek, there was a running fight. Upon reaching this stream they found the Federals well across, the bridge destroyed, and their artillery on commanding points. Here a serious delay might have occurred had it not been for the assistance afforded by Miss Sanson, a beautiful young lady living in the vicinity. Riding behind Forrest, she piloted him to another ford near by, though exposed to the fire of the enemy at the time. Here, with some difficulty, the Confederates crossed, carrying over the cannon and munition by hand.

At Turkeytown, some distance beyond, the Federals lay in ambush, concealed in a dense pine thicket through which the road turned. The swiftness of Forrest's charge, in pursuit of the decoy Federals, saved him from serious loss, and turned a probable disaster into a victory. During this fight Sergeant William Haynes, of the Fourth Tennessee, was captured. Streight sent for him, and asked what was Forrest's strength. The prisoner replied with much gravity, "Five brigades," mentioning them by name. "Then," said Streight, with an oath, "they've got us." That night Haynes escaped, and reported the conversation to Forrest. It was this, perhaps, which suggested to Forrest the plan he adopted on the following day. That night, however, Forrest halted and gave his men the first good rest they had enjoyed for four days. On the following morning (May 3), with his number reduced to five hundred men, he resumed the pursuit. About 9 o'clock the Federals were overtaken, while halting to feed, and attacked. The promptness with which the men took to their heels,

though quickly rallied by the officers, convinced Forrest that the time had come for the master-stroke. The Federals, though evidently demoralized, responded to the call of their leader, and Streight, with heroic constancy, again drew them up to try the fortune of war. Forrest, always ready to modify his tactics to suit the occasion, adopted a plan of battle seldom, if ever, found in the books. Major McLemore, with about two hundred men, was ordered to take position facing the enemy's left flank; Colonel Biffle, with about an equal number, to threaten the right flank, while Forrest himself, with his escort and a detachment, seemed about to fall on the front, from a skirt of woods which concealed the smallness of his number. Captain Henry Pointer was then sent forward under a flag of truce, to demand a surrender of the whole force.

Colonel Streight requested an interview with General Forrest and the latter came forward. After some conversation, Streight declined to surrender except to a force equal in numbers to his own. Forrest replied, evasively, saying deeds were his arguments. While talking, a section of Confederate artillery came in view moving at a gallop. Streight, upon observing it, requested that no more troops be brought so near. Forrest stopped to give the order, and at the same time in an undertone told the aid-de-camp to have the only two pieces of cannon in their possession move rapidly in a circle crossing the line of vision. Streight was astonished at the display and naively asked Forrest how much artillery he had. "Enough," said he, "to destroy your command in thirty minutes."

Streight, after further conversation, still refused to surrender to an inferior number, but was finally compelled by his officers to do so. The result was that 1,466 officers and men stacked their arms and the whole affair was wound up by Streight thanking his men in a speech for their valor and fortitude, and proposing three cheers for the Union, which were given with a will.

The capture of so large a body of Federals by about one-third their number of Confederates, was a brilliant triumph and was greatly due to the iron purpose and combative genius of Forrest.

Cicero told Cæsar that victorious generals had always to divide the credit of success with their troops and fortune. In this affair fortune has little share. The credit nearly all belongs to Forrest and his soldiers. Streight's men yielded, not so much to the sword as to enforced fatigue, and above all to the irresistible spirit of their pursuers. When, therefore, we consider all the difficulties overcome, hunger, want of sleep, and superiority of opposing force,

we are forced to conclude that on the same scale few if any actions so admirable are to be found in all the annals of war.

The glory and magnitude of this victory was not diminished by rumor, and Forrest's journey back to Bragg's headquarters in Tennessee resembled a triumphal march. Shortly after his return to Shelbyville, he was serenaded by the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, who loudly demanded to be mounted on the captured horses and enrolled in Forrest's cavalry.

Bragg received him graciously and appointed him to the command of the cavalry of his left wing. For two months he was actively engaged in reconnoissance and skirmishing with the foe. To show how he was esteemed by the Federals, the following is related:

"During an attack upon Franklin, then occupied by a heavy force, Forrest, mistaking a signal flag for one of surrender, approached quite near the Federal line. From behind a garden hedge arose up a Federal officer and cried out, waving him off with his hand, 'General Forrest, I know you and don't want to see you hurt. Go back, sir.' Forrest gracefully acknowledged the kindness and raising his hat rode off."

In July, Bragg's army having withdrawn south of the Tennessee, Forrest was assigned (July 24th) to the chief command of the Confederate cavalry in East Tennessee. Here his division was engaged for a month in desultory warfare with Federal detachments. August 31st, he rejoined Bragg, and with his command shared in the Chattanooga campaign. In the second day's fight at Chickamauga (September 20th), with his men dismounted, Forrest formed on Breckinridge's left and bore a full part in the labors and perils of that glorious day.

At 4 A. M., the morning after the battle, his men were in the saddle leading the pursuit. From the top of Missionary Ridge he saw the broken columns of the enemy pouring into Chattanooga. He sent word to Bragg that "every hour lost was the loss of a thousand men."

October 5th, Forrest was assigned with one brigade to the division of General Wheeler. Smarting under what he considered gross injustice, he determined to quit the regular service and raise an independent command. A month before he had been importuned by leading citizens of West Tennessee to come and organize their resources. Resolving at this juncture to comply with their request, he sent in his resignation. Mr. Davis was at army headquarters when it arrived. He wrote to Forrest and requested an interview. They

met at Montgomery shortly afterward and Forrest, being promised a separate command, withdrew his resignation. He had now a painful duty to perform. He had to part with his old command—his faithful followers, companions in danger and partners in his fame. They petitioned Bragg to be transferred to his command, but the petition was refused, and Forrest set out for his new field of action, accompanied only by McDonald's battalion and Morton's battery.

The men to whose leadership he was called were in a land held by the foe, and were neither organized nor armed. He was to go and gather them by the magic power of his name, and bring them safely through a host of enemies into the Confederate lines.

It was expecting much of him, but the result justified every expectation. With 500 armed men (December 4, 1863,) he entered West Tennessee. For three weeks he marched up and down that beautiful country, gathering cattle, and teams, and recruits, in spite of the efforts of 20,000 Federals who, in detachments, were trying to surround or cut him off.

December 27th, he returned, bringing 3,000 unarmed recruits, forty wagons, and many cattle, after daily skirmishes and five distinct engagements with the enemy. Says a Federal writer: "Forrest, with less than 4,000 men, moved right through the sixteenth army corps."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

MANEY'S BRIGADE AFTER THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.



SOON after dark, at Chickamauga Station, we were summoned by the orderlies of the various companies to fall in, and assist in loading stores into several trains of cars, which had been brought to this point for that purpose. Our muskets were stacked in line near the railroad track, a detail set to guard them, and wagons and cars loaded with almost everything contained in the depot.

The occasion proved a godsend to the regiment of which I was a member, and the men improved "the shining hours" by supplying themselves with an extra quantity of rations. The night was cold, the ground frozen, and, before daylight, the wagon-trains had commenced to move. Being in the "reserve" we were reserved to the last to leave, and daylight found the last of the wagons leaving the station. Two small brigades (Maney's Tennessee and Gist's South

Carolina) were left to follow the wagon-trains, on one road, which led sharply to the left of the Western & Atlantic railroad, and which, to the writer, appeared to follow a parallel line with the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad.

The main body of the army, together with the greater portion of the wagon-trains, had taken a more south-easterly direction, and Cleburne's division was, beyond all question, between us and the railroad (the Western & Atlantic). Members of this division have described their retreat as being an almost uninterrupted skirmish throughout this whole day. The position which Maney's brigade occupied, corresponded to the extreme right of the Confederate lines. The rising sun melted the ice, and made the passage of the wagon-trains more difficult. Our progress was painfully slow. It was a broken march of one or two hundred yards and then a halt of five or ten minutes, to enable some wagon to get out of the mud.

Toward midday the scouts of the enemy appeared on the hills back of us, and it was evident that our whereabouts were known. The First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee Infantry, in the rear, looked behind them more than in front. Two small brigades seemed but little reliance on which to place the saving of our wagon-train.

We had the privilege of having a fight anyhow, and it came from a direction in which we least expected it. Just about sunset, while the men were sitting down on the side of the road, and wistfully looking back for any appearance of the enemy, we were startled by a sudden summons to "fall in." The order was given to "double-quick," and simultaneously therewith the sharp rattle of musketry in our front told that the enemy were attempting to wedge themselves between us and the rest of the army—a regiment of cavalry had, apparently, been on our left flank all day, and, most probably, had been driven in by a column of the enemy, which had made a detour to our left for the purpose of cutting us off. We passed the last wagon as its driver excitedly whipped up his horses in crossing a little creek, which every member of the regiment knows as Cat creek. The head of the two brigades had formed in line in the woods ahead of us. The First Tennessee was rapidly thrown into an open field, facing a little to the west of north, and parallel with the creek. A sharp declivity on its banks gave us some security from a sudden charge. A small body of cavalry formed to our left, but south of the road, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards to our rear, and fronting almost due west. Almost the entire attack seemed leveled at the First Tennessee regiment. The skirmish was hotly contested. General Maney was severely

wounded. The writer in trying to stop a bullet, found that he could not succeed. The position was exposed—no particle of shelter, a plain, open field, with the enemy under cover of the woods. In the meantime, the order was given to fall back into the woods behind. This was done in reasonably good order. The moon, which had now risen, displayed the glistening bayonets of a still unbroken front. Every wagon was for the present in safety, and the only capture the enemy had made from us was the gun of the writer, and those of several others who had been wounded or killed. Ah, my old gun! I well knew where I got it. It was on another moonlight night, of the 20th of September, 1863, the second day's battle of Chickamauga. It lay inside the Federal works, near their extreme left. It was bright, and perfectly new from the factory. "Bridesburg" was stamped on the lock-plate. It was like a foreign country to me, but I knew it was a suburb of Philadelphia. Though twenty years younger than I now am, I was still too old a soldier to give up a trusted friend, without knowing more of the merits of my new one. So I strung both muskets over my shoulder, and, at the first opportunity, in the firelight of the night, proceeded to examine my new friend. The lock was perfect—bright as a new-coined silver dollar. I drew the rammer, and running it down the barrel, found that it stopped within a foot of the muzzle. I got a ball-screw and drew out ball after ball, with great labor, and found that its previous owner, doubtless a gallant Federal soldier, had simply been snapping caps at us. The job was hopeless. I gave it up, and taking off the barrel of my old musket, made at Springfield, Massachusetts, soon had as fine a weapon as any Confederate possessed. The parts were interchangeable—our arms were rifle muskets. Just as its brightness attracted me then—it now formed (November 26th), 1883, the last object of my solicitude—I "own a kindly debt of old remembrance" for it. Some Federal, perhaps more worthy, may have the same feeling for parts of the same gun. A kind of love for your engine grows with its use.

"A good workman comes to like"—shall I say love—"the machine which seems to share his labor." It is thus I feel toward the "Bridesburg" musket. I was not a loser, but simply the gainer by its two months' use. Long before this I had another gun, which I recollect with a feeling of grim satisfaction. While useful in sending bullets at the battle of Murfreesboro, it did me the service to stop one. The ball passed between the two lower bands, taking off half the stock between them, springing the rammer as it passed between it and the barrel. At many a regimental and brigade inspection, I

"fessed out," as the West Point boys say, on that gun. "What's the matter with that gun, sir," would say the inspector. "Shot in battle, sir," would be the answer, and it saved me, for many months, a deal of rubbing and scrubbing. Oledowski, or whatever his name was, the Prussian Inspector of Hardee's corps, passed that gun a dozen times. It was still a serviceable weapon, but Captain Kelly, of the Rock City Guards, just before the battle of Chickamauga, got tired of my usual excuse, and a summary order was issued to turn it over to the quartermaster and get a good one. The privates were at times on a par with their officers, in shrewd devices to escape duty, and their humor at times smacked of Irish flavor. Thus said an inspector to J. W. Branch, of the same company, who kept a clean gun, but which needed oiling—"Why do you not grease that gun?" "I can't afford it, sir; I can't grease my throat." Under the highest system of tariff taxation, grease in the Confederacy would have been admitted free.

I have endeavored in the foregoing to depict the experiences of a private soldier, in connection with the operations of his regiment and brigade, in a notable battle. I am well aware that from the ranks, the field of observation is extremely limited. It extends only to the front and a few companies or regiments, to the right or left. Generally, he finds enough to do in front.

It only remains for me to say, that on the morning of November 27th, two days after the conflict at Missionary Ridge, it was reserved for Cleburne's division, at Ringgold Gap, to administer a sharp and brilliant repulse to many times its number, and with this inspiring result, the elastic temperament of the Confederates regained its normal condition and the campaign which ended with 1863, may be said to have virtually closed.

PRIVATE ROCK CITY GUARDS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 26, 1884.



[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

THE BATTLE FOR THE HAY RICKS.



ANY of the reminiscences of soldier life and of war incidents, called up after time has grayed the locks and furrowed the brow of the actor, resemble the pencilings of a disturbed dream of the night, gathered into a tripartite picture. In the first, though its lines are faint and its colors fading, a soldier lad is seen waving an

adieu to home as he marches away beneath the wind-spread banner of his choice; the second scene, on the other hand, is one of suffering, of danger, and strife, and the youthful soldier is writing of the battle while a burial party is scattering thin soil over the slain and the wounded are being borne off the field; in the third, the sulphurous smoke is rising from over devastated fields, a beaten army is grounding its arms and furling its battle-flags, while the golden sunshine rests on a scene of desolation made more impressive because of chimneys standing like monuments of a happy past, and a haggard soldier searching among the ruins for a home which is not there.

A soldier, in his reverie, sees more than this, and like a practiced reader, whose thoughts travel over the printed page in equal pace with his eyes and "reads between the lines," this mental gaze lingers not altogether over such gloom-shaded scenes but flits along to the light, the trivial, and merry makings, and salutes them all with something like the echo of his old light-hearted laughter, because these things made his life in the field and camp not only endurable, but enjoyable to a degree that finds its only explanation in the phrase, "because it was."

Tell an ex-soldier how a military movement was effected, of the disposition of this and that division of the army, of the advance, of the retreat, and even of the battle itself, and "Corporal Trim" will find "Uncle Toby" sleeping as soundly as he was wont to do twenty years ago, on a couple of slanting rails; but relate to him a deed of individual daring, the raid on the chickens, the pillage of the milk-house, or how the trick was played on Jim in his mess, and the auditor will be as wide-awake as if he had mistaken a flax hackle for a camp-stool.

War is not absorbingly funny, but a soldier does contrive, somehow, to extract fun from the war turnip though it may be much shrivelled after an exposure of a score of years.

It is not an uncommon sight to see those who once were foes engaged in good-humored chat over the events of the war and they will continue to swap lies as long as they have the breath of life. But they now begin to see that "drawing the long bow" was not a monopoly of the private soldier, and that the general officers were also skillful marksmen.

In every well-regulated library on the upper shelf, may be found a number of books of uniform black binding. If you take the trouble to brush the dust off the gold lettering, you will read, Patent Office Reports, Report of Commissioner of Agriculture, and Official Records of the War of the Rebellion. From the last named of these cheerful tomes select Volume V., Series I., and you will find the reports of the officers whose commands participated in an affair called the battle of Dranesville, which title, in the comparative light of graver engagements, was dwarfed into a skirmish, and from this degradation, the writer raises it, and calls it, "the Battle for the Hay Ricks."

On December 21st, 1861, the Union General McCall ascertaining that two good Union men (Union men in Virginia were always good because scarce) had been carried off by the rebel pickets, determined to retaliate by capturing the picket reserve and at the same time seize some hay belonging to the rank rebels of the neighborhood. (Rebels in Virginia were always rank because plentiful.) Accordingly he sent General Ord with his brigade, consisting of the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, and the Twelfth Pennsylvania Infantry, the First Pennsylvania Rifles, together with the First Pennsylvania Artillery (six guns), and the First Pennsylvania Cavalry to effect this purpose, and, at the same time, he stationed within striking distance, at Difficult creek, the brigades of General Reynolds and Meade as a reserve.

The Confederate General Stuart knowing that all the Confederate wagons that could be spared for hay were foraging in that direction, hastily got together four regiments of infantry, viz: the Eleventh Virginia, Sixth South Carolina, First Kentucky, and Tenth Alabama, together with a section of Cutt's (Georgia) battery of four guns, and started to intercept the enemy at Dranesville; but on reaching that place found the Federals occupying the most commanding positions, so that nothing was left but to divert his attention from the Confederate wagon-train by vigorously attacking him.

Stuart's soldiers were spoiling for a fight, the Pennsylvanians furnished available material, and like the old man shelling corn, who stood so fair to his son armed with a shingle, they "stood so fair," that the Confederate shingle came down with a whack. And thus it was on

the 20th day of December, five Union regiments of infantry, with six guns and two brigades in reserve, confronted four Confederate regiments of infantry and four guns at Dranesville. The fight lasted in a desultory sort of way about two hours. The Federal General Ord reported that the rout of the Southerners was complete, while the Confederate General Stuart declared that his retreat was orderly. General Ord reported his loss at sixty-eight, while General Stuart estimates the Federal loss as greater than that of the Confederates. The reports of each, bristle all over with complimentary slush for staff-officers; and the field-officers are pelted with such adjectives as gallant, heroic, intrepid, daring, cool, distinguished, noble, and brave, and are summed up thus:

Federal—"Marched twenty-four miles, beaten the enemy, bringing in the killed and wounded, and loaded our wagons with forage."

Confederate—"Saved our transportation, inflicted a loss on the enemy greater than our own, rendering him unequal to the task of pursuit, retired in perfect order, a glorious success."

To an observer, the whole affair is remembered as a serio-comedy of errors. The First Kentucky regiment fired into the Sixth South Carolina; the Twelfth Pennsylvania mistook a Confederate regiment for one of theirs, and a Confederate regiment took a Federal regiment for the Sixth South Carolina, but the writer does know that with the exception of those killed by the rifle companies on the right and left, the Kentuckians killed South Carolinians only, and in the uncertainty of who were friends or who were foes, they fell back a foot or two, reformed, retreated when ordered so to do, and went slowly back to camp, so far as they knew, unpursued. If this affair is worth an inquiry in search of the truth of history, the inquirer is referred to the method of a former Louisville market reporter. There was at that time no Board of Trade, yet his reports were so nearly accurate as to excite surprise and this was explained by him in this way, "I go to the merchant who has a large stock and to him whose stock is small, get both their prices and then strike an average between the *two lies*." The Confederate general saved his hay and retreated before the enemy's reserve then, en route, came up.

The Federal general held the field and after waiting a decent time in respect to his foeman, dashed into the wood to find the enemy gone and was, therefore, the victor, and the Confederate leader going slowly back to Centreville in the wake of his well-filled wagons, was, therefore, gloriously successful though whipped. If you are not satisfied with this summary, turn to Volume V., Series I., and strike the average.

W. M. MARRINER.

CAPTURE OF A RAILROAD TRAIN.



N the August number of *THE BIVOUC* appeared an account of the daring feat of Captain John T. Peerce, at Bloomington, capturing one hundred Federals with ten Confederates, in which were several errors, and which has called forth the following account:

In the spring or early part of the summer of 1864, I believe, Captain John H. McNeill came over from the Shenandoah valley for the purpose of destroying the machine shops at Piedmont, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. He found me on the south branch on detached service and requested me to accompany him, which I readily consented to do. We left the Old Fields, in Hardy county, soon after dark, and after traveling through the mountains all night concealed ourselves between Patterson's creek and Mill Run during the day.

The second night we passed Knobley mountain through Doll's Gap, and by a path to the top of Allegheny mountains, on the N. W. turnpike. Crossing the pike we followed the Elk Garden road a short distance to the intersection of a road leading to Piedmont and Bloomington, and reached Bloomington at daylight. Upon our arrival, Captain McNeill ordered the telegraph wires cut, and stopping the first train going east he had the engineer to detach the engine and sent Lieutenant Dolon and one or two others on it with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the guard at Piedmont, two miles distant. Leaving me at Bloomington in charge of ten men (viz: Charles Watkins, John Lynn, George W. Allen, Wm. Pool, Benjamin Woodring, George Little, James W. Crawford, John Overman, Wayne Cosner, and Peter Divieman), for the purpose of stopping all trains which might arrive before his return, he followed Lieutenant Dolon with his command (about fifty men), and in less than half an hour we saw the flames from the engine house and machine shops in Piedmont. We, in the meantime, had stopped two freight trains and gave the citizens permission to help themselves, with which they were highly pleased. I sent Mose Everett, the conductor of one of these trains, up the road under guard to signal the passenger train east, which would be due in half an hour. About this time I was kindly informed by one of the citizens that another of the citizens had gone around our picket, ran to Frankville, telegraphed to Oakland and stopped the passenger train, and that the next train would

be loaded with soldiers, and we were, therefore, advised to make our escape. Although not believing this report, I dismounted the men (putting the horses where they could be easily reached), and scattered them along the road to ascertain the facts as the train passed, myself remaining on my horse and occupying a street running at right angles with and above the railroad, from which I would have a clear view of the train when stopped at the platform. I soon heard the signal for down brakes, followed shortly after by the cry from my men of "loaded with soldiers." I called at the top of my voice, "mount your horses," which was obeyed with alacrity, and we formed behind a house around the corner of which I had a full view of the train. I could see there were two full car loads of soldiers and that they were fully armed and equipped, their guns sitting diagonally across the windows.

My first impulse was to run and save myself and my little command. I do not profess to have any of that kind of bravery which would endanger my own life or the lives of those associated with me unless the end to be attained was worthy of the risk. I shall never be able, however, to describe the intense feeling which pervaded me or the rapidity with which the perils of McNeill and his men presented themselves to my mind.

The Federal troops from New Creek, perhaps one thousand strong, attracted by the smoke at Piedmont, were marching on him from the east; with these troops in the train occupying this narrow valley on the west, with an impassable mountain barrier on the south, and the north branch of the Potomac and another impassable mountain barrier on the north, their destruction was inevitable. I resolved, in my mind, that if the train could be reached before they could be informed as to our numbers, we could capture them and relieve McNeill. In the twinkling of an eye we were upon them. I passed around the rear of the train to get to the platform.

I first met Samuel Gill, the conductor, who, at my request, pointed to the captain in command, standing on the rear end of the car. I dashed my horse upon the platform and, with my pistol at his breast, demanded his surrender. I shall never forget the bravery he displayed in his cool, deliberate answer, which was, "My God! It's — hard to be gobbled up in this way, but I have no alternative; I have no ammunition." I ordered him to bring his men out, to which some one added, "leave your guns inside," which order was immediately obeyed.

In charging the train Charley Watkins, a brave little fellow from
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Baltimore, approached it on the opposite side from me, and commenced calling back at the top of his voice to some imaginary command, to send up Company F and Company G, for the purpose of deceiving them as to our numbers.

So soon as I discovered they had surrendered in good faith, I ordered them to fall into line as they left the cars, and immediately sent a messenger to Captain McNeill, informing him that I had one hundred prisoners and nobody to guard them. I then turned my attention to the rear car, which I discovered to be occupied by citizens, principally ladies, and riding to one of the windows I informed them that we were Southern soldiers, and that no lady need feel the slightest alarm in the hands of Southern gentlemen.

So soon as formed, I marched the prisoners, under guard of four or five men, to the Virginia side of the river, leaving the remainder of our little band to destroy the arms and bring away such as we might desire to keep. There were found on the cars eighteen revolvers, some of which were finely finished and all fully loaded.

One of McNeill's men greatly erred in saying I entered the cars and demanded the surrender. I did not at any time, after charging the train, leave my horse until after we reached the Virginia side of the river, where we were met by Captain McNeill and his men, who came up at full speed, greatly elated over our success.

After burning the trains and paroling the prisoners, the captain took leave of the latter and commenced moving back, leaving me taking a drink with a half dozen of those whom we had captured. He had not gone more than two hundred yards, however, when a furious fire of artillery and infantry was opened upon him from the Maryland side, which stampeded his command and caused me to grab my bottle (which had been presented to me by a citizen of Bloomington), and follow in hot pursuit. Strange to say, although we were exposed to this artillery fire for more than a mile, it did us no damage except the killing and wounding of a few horses. One of these shells, however, passed through a house on the side of the mountain, killing a young lady and one or two children, and wounding one or two others.

About the time we were getting out of danger of the shells, we met Old Joseph Dixon, who was then over ninety years old, and who, seeing the smoke from the shops at Piedmont, came out to see what was going on, and who returned with us piloting us through the mountains for eight or ten miles, and giving us a hearty shake of the hand at parting.

We traveled all night that night, crossing the N. W. turnpike at

Stony river bridge, evading the Federal troops sent to intercept us at Mount Storm and above Greenland, and reached Petersburg, and from thence to Moorefield the next day, where we could rest from our labors in peace and quietness.

JOHN T. PEERCE.

BURLINGTON, W. VA.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

DEATH OF ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

When General Albert Sidney Johnston fell, then fell the cause of the South.

Early on that Sabbath morning, on the 6th of April, 1862, General Johnston was in his saddle. The left wing of the First Tennessee regiment and Colonel Forrest's cavalry, were ordered to report to General Johnston in person for orders.

I remember how the grand old hero looked. Generals Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston would have passed for brothers; in fact, were alike in most every respect.

We received our orders to pass around the enemy's flank, and to watch the river. Colonel Forrest went to the river, and we then were ordered back in support of General Bragg's center. When we got back to the battle-field we found the enemy driven from his stronghold, and the battle still raging in the front. But without orders we kept edging up inch by inch, to learn what was going on at the front, and we saw General Johnston fall from his horse in the arms of Governor Harris. I can not describe the scene. The tears which brave men shed are only those of tenderness and love, but the tears shed on that day were those of gall and bitterness. Such scenes of agony and sorrow are seldom witnessed, and when once seen are never forgotten. The information of his death was received with consternation, and the news quickly spread among the rank and file of the soldiery.

It was a day of sorrow, not only for those who knelt around his dying form, but it was the death of a hero, and an immortal, upon whose shoulders hung the destiny of a nation.

I saw him die. He was the first dead soldier that I ever saw, and I well remember the impression made on my mind. There are many other scenes and occurrences of the war which fill my mind with awe, but I have never been conscious of any emotion so profound and solemn as that which overcome me while I witnessed the last expiring gasp of life when time is united with eternity, and the last sigh seems

to be of the spirit which is immortal. About this time a courier dashed up, and ordered us to go to the support of Bragg's center.

We had to charge over the ground where our troops had been fighting all day. The ground was filled with dead and dying. No painter could draw a truer picture of a battle-field; cannon and caissons, broken wheels, and wounded men waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting to us to go forward. Horses, men, cannon, wagons, tents, guns, knapsacks, haversacks, and a general wreck, told of the death-struggle. The infirmiry corps carrying back the wounded men, coming back limping and bleeding; the ambulances dashing—dashing in and out, and above all, the roar of battle. When we see Bragg's center broken, and running, and panic-stricken; when we are ordered to fire at will, and to charge bayonets, we fire a solid volley into Prentiss' brigade and they are seen to break, but they are captured, and we press right on to the river. Our dead and wounded being left behind we are ordered to go forward, and everybody is flushed with the glory of victory. We expect to be the first at the final surrender of Grant and his whole army. When—hush! Halt! Those four letters, H-A-L-T, and then—farewell, Southern Confederacy.

[Written for the BIVOUC.]

BOLD ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY OF B. G. WASHINGTON.



ASSUREDLY, Lieutenant Washington, the hero of the following true tale, deserves a place in history, if not for his own exploits, for the reason that he is a fine type of a numerous class in the Confederate army, who figured very little in official reports, but were potent factors in the conflict. They were educated gentlemen; some rich, all in comfortable circumstances, who entered the ranks, and indifferent to position, fought through the war for an honorable peace. Their highest ambition was "to live and die a gentleman." They might be seen in every camp and on every battle-field. They were plainly and sometimes shabbily dressed, but always with arms ready for use and with hearts full of "all gentleness and courtesy."

In conversation, bright yet kindly wit revealed the polish of their minds and the quality of their breeding. In intercourse, they were modest and unassuming, and on the march, patient and helpful to

others, but they rushed to the fray as to a feast and in battle were efficient, brave, and aggressive.

Lieutenant Washington is a lineal descendant of a half-brother of General Washington, and is a grandson of Charles Washington, after whom the town of Charlestown, of West Virginia, was named. His immediate ancestor settled in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, made classic by many a hard-fought battle during the war, but long before legend or story had invested it with a romantic interest, as the enchanted ground that allured across the Blue Ridge the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," with Governor Spottswood,

"The knightliest of the knightly race
That ever buckled sword."

At the breaking out of hostilities Lieutenant Washington, though yet a boy, enlisted as a private in the Bott's Grays, afterward Company G, in the Second Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Stonewall brigade. At the close of the year he was transferred to Company B, Twelfth Regiment Virginia Cavalry, and till the surrender remained in that command.

The following narrative is by one of his comrades:

In 1863, the Federal cavalry were retiring from Culpeper Court-house, marching in column. General Rosser was following them, and General Fitz Lee was expected to strike their flank by moving from the direction of Stephensburg. Rosser's advance regiment was the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, and Company B was in front. By the way, General J. E. B. Stuart said to the writer once in his tent near Orange Court-house, that Company B (Baylor's company) of the Twelfth, and Company D (Clark's cavalry), of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, were, take them all in all, the best fighting companies in the cavalry corps, but that they were like sora, as soon as the frost came, they *would* go home in spite of the camp guards. The dust raised by both parties was so great that the Federals did not recognize the enemy before the order to charge was given and Company B had dashed right into the midst of them. Company B was, however, far in advance of its support.

The Federals soon perceived that Company B was far ahead of its support. Accordingly, they formed squadrons, charged and drove the company back by their overwhelming numbers.

All the men succeeded in getting back safely to the main column except private B. C. Washington. The account of his capture is so graphic that it had better be told in his own words: "Ditches form a large part of the native products of Culpeper county. I

thought, on this occasion, the crop seemed the largest I had ever seen—at least ten per acre. Most of our fellows cleared the ditches in true fox-hunter style, leaving the hounds behind them. But my horse was a Yankee horse, captured by me a few days before at the 'Jack's shop' fight from one Major McEwing, of Kilpatrick's staff, and this horse of *Northern* extraction 'put up a job' on me by refusing the ditch, and, veering to the right, started on a tour of discovery for the *end* of the ditch. By this time, some half dozen Yankees were after me at full speed, yelling and firing. A bullet struck my gallant steed, which, aided by a tremendous effort on my part, accelerated a leap at the ditch. He cleared it, but 'landed' in a bog with his head under his knees and over I went into the mud. A similar performance was enacted by several of the pursuers, most of them being unhorsed, and *all* demanding a complete and unconditional surrender to *each individually*. I don't like to boast, but I must say this surrender of mine is a thing over which I have had moments of *great inward pride*. It is an easy thing to shine out in the supreme hour of victory, and ride with ten fellows after one retreating Yankee, yelling out 'give him the —,' but when the supreme hour is *reversed*, and ten Yanks are after *you*, in the situation just described, yelling 'surren—dar' at the top of their voices, requiring you to hand your pistol to *each* of them *individually*, each one with pistols pointed so straight at one's head, that if he had ten eyes he could have seen down the barrels of each of them—I say, a situation like this *develops a man*; it is a crucial test of what is in him, and it developed *my* military talents in the twinkling of an eye. And I now make the following claim: *I am the champion surrenderer in America, if not in the world*, for I surrendered, under the afore-described circumstances, to not less than five armed Yankees."

He was taken to the North, back of the Rappahannock, which river Meade had made his line of defense. Private Washington was placed with a number of other prisoners, and a strong guard surrounded them. He had been a captive in a Yankee prison in the early part of the war, having been captured at Kerrstown while attempting to carry off his wounded brother. The recollection of a six-months' sojourn in a Yankee prison naturally made him rather depressed on this occasion. He consequently determined to make his escape if there was a ghost of a chance shown him. The chance came. The guard was ordered to remove the prisoners farther back from the river. The prisoners were formed in column and marched

off. A large body of Yankee troops were encamped on the plain, and they gathered in crowds to get a sight of the rebels as they were marched off. It was about an hour after sunset, and as the column of prisoners marched along between the two walls of spectators, Washington quietly stepped out of the column of prisoners and joined the *spectators*. The darkness and the crowd helped him, his change of base was unobserved, and after watching the line pass by, he concluded that it would probably be conducive to his health to take a little stroll down to the banks of the lovely Rappahannock. Accordingly he took off his *gray* jacket (possibly being rather warmed up by the proximity of so many men), rolled it up in a bundle, tucked it under his arm, and having on a pair of blue pantaloons, he was not molested in his quiet stroll to the river. The river was not "wadeable," as he found by trial, and the only way to reach his Southern friends was by way of the railroad bridge. Naturally, Major-General Meade had placed a guard at the bridge, for at sunset this astute general had removed his "head (?) quarters from the saddle," and desired rest with *security*. Private Washington observed the sentinel, and examined the surroundings for a long time before a plan—a daring plan—occurred to him. He walked down the bank to the front of the abutment, climbed up it, and when he reached the wooden streets, climbed out on them, and up on to the bridge to the south of the sentinel. Gaily he walked the bridge, almost ready to whistle, he felt so joyous. But, alas! As he neared the southern end, out against the sky he saw the form of *another sentinel*! He watched that sentinel a long time, saw no chance of surprising him, and knew that when *daylight* came, he would be discovered and ingloriously led back to prison. After gazing at that sentinel as long, as intently, and as *silently* as a lover gazes at his sweetheart, he heard a tramp, tramp, tramp, *behind* him. The guard was coming to relieve the sentinel. Quick as lightning an idea strikes him. He gets behind an upright beam, waits till the last man passes, falls in the rear, and, for the time being, becomes a Yankee soldier. The real rear man looked around, seemed to study awhile how there could be *two last* men in a column, gave it up as an insoluble problem, and marched on without saying a word. When the south end of the bridge was reached, the officer ordered his men in line to be counted. It occurred to Private Washington that the term of his enlistment in the Yankee army had better cease. So, taking advantage of the darkness, he gradually sidled off, made his way off the bridge, took a bee-line south as gay as any lark *you* ever saw. Alas! alas! He had not proceeded far before his

heart sank into his boots again, and he felt that some Yankee prison must have marked him for its own, for right in front he saw a line of sentinels. He got down on the ground and crawled up as near as he dared, to a point where two adjacent sentinels joined each other in their beat backward and forward. The only chance was to get through the line before daybreak, for then he certainly would be discovered; and yet he lay on the ground watching these walking sentinels for fully an hour, afraid to try to cross the path lest he lose all he had so far gained. At last, growing desperate, he waited till the two sentinels met each other, turned back to back, and walked apart. Then he rose, stepped quickly and lightly across the path, and when the sentinels turned again, Washington was twenty yards *south* of their line, and flat on the ground. He soon crawled out of all danger from the sentinels, arose and walked off rapidly to find some Confederate camp. After walking a mile or two he came in sight of a camp-fire, around which some soldiers were reclining, but look as hard as he could, for the life of him he could not make out whether the soldiers were Yankees or Confederates. For a long, long time he stood near, waiting for something to indicate to what side the soldiers belonged. At last one fellow arose, threw some wood on the fire, and said, "When the sun rises I hope there won't be a ——— Yankee this side of the Rappahannock!" The word "Yankee" was enough for Washington. With a joyous shout he rushed up, and was prepared to hug everybody around the fire. He told his story, and it seemed so wonderful that a detachment was sent with him to General J. E. B. Stuart's headquarters. Washington related the mode of his escape to General Stuart, and the latter was so much struck with the boldness displayed, that he renewed a recommendation sent to army headquarters, just after the "Jack's Shop" fight, that Private Washington be made a lieutenant in the Provisional army of the Confederate States, for "gallant and meritorious conduct on the field." This was done, and Washington served the rest of the war as an officer in the company in which he had been private.

J. S. B.



THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE."

There have been one or two publications of the songs composed and sung in the South, during the war, but many of the familiar ones have been omitted, that now only exist in some old scrap book, or live in the memories of those who sang them. There is nothing that will give our readers more genuine pleasure than to see some of these songs in print again, and we ask them all to send us copies for publication in the BIVOUAC. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie:"

"I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Ole times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in,
'Arly on a frosty mawnin'.

"Ole Missus marry Will, de weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he puts his arm around her,
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will run away, Missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

"While Mussus libbed she libbed in clobber,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to broke her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex' ole Missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now, if you want to drike away sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel.

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand,
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

ALL HANDS AROUND.

One of the most pleasing instances of "shaking hands across the bloody chasm" that has ever come under our observation occurred recently between a Federal colonel from the New England States and a Confederate major, of Virginia, whom the fortunes of war had thrown together once during the conflict, and who, after a lapse of twenty years, have discovered each other's identity in remote cities of the now glorious Union, and exchange those cordial greetings which only brave hearts can appreciate. We give the incident in the words of one of the participants: "After the memorable battle of Cedar Mountain, between Stonewall Jackson and General Pope, the Federal prisoners, some five hundred in number, were given in charge over to our squadron of cavalry with instructions to convey them to the rear and turn them over to the provost-marshal at Gordonsville, Virginia. The order came just after dark, when we were preparing our suppers, and the men were congratulating themselves upon the prospect of a night's rest, after the day's hard work. The order was to report at once, and the unwelcome notes of the bugle warning to 'saddle up' were most reluctantly obeyed, the boys forming into ranks with their half-cooked suppers in the utensils in which they had been prepared.

"The prisoners that were put in our charge, however, were worse off than ourselves, having had no part of a supper, and being compelled to walk, while we were on horseback. We marched all night, and soon after sunrise reached Orange Court-house, where we halted for breakfast. The citizens offered to give the Confederates theirs, but refused to furnish any for the prisoners, saying that some Federals had been in their village a few days before and mistreated them. We then applied to the post commissary, but he also refused, saying that he was not subject to our orders. We put him under temporary arrest, and helped ourselves to rations sufficient for all hands. After breakfast we took the train for Gordonsville, where we turned our prisoners over; but before taking leave of us, they formed en masse and passed resolutions thanking our command for their kindness to them. One of the prisoners, a colonel from Connecticut, stepped up to me and said, 'I have no way of expressing my appreciation of the kind consideration shown by your command to us prisoners, but as a testimonial of it let me present you with my shoulder-straps, which represent everything that is sacred to me, as a soldier.'

"I hesitated to accept his gift chiefly because of their great value

to the donor, which I fully appreciated, but finally took them and we parted, he to go to Libby prison and I to follow Stonewall Jackson. Among the few possessions that remained to me after the war, were these shoulder-straps, and I have since tried several times to trace out the gallant colonel. It was only lately that I found him, through the kindness of General Wright, of the War Record Office, at Washington, and wrote, asking him if he had forgotten the circumstance, and if he desired to renew the acquaintance. His reply breathes more the sentiment of lost friends than enemies, and shows most beautifully the feeling which animates the soldiers who met and knew each other's prowess on the battle-field."

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL FORREST.

From the spring of 1864 to the surrender of our army, I was a soldier in the command of General Forrest. The only practical defense to the States of Alabama and Mississippi during this time, was such as Forrest could make, except attacks by way of Mobile, with which he was not charged. His men were not well mounted or armed; his railway facilities were limited in amount and miserable in appointments; yet he had the ability to so dispose of his forces as to be accurately informed of the movements of the enemy, and whether an advance was made from Huntsville, or Corinth, or Memphis, or Vicksburg, he was always ready and able to concentrate his forces in three or four days' time.

He was quick of perception and possessed of infinite resources. Indeed, no occasion could arise that he was not ready for the emergency in a moment. Take the battle of Tishomingo creek, or Bryer's cross-roads, for example. It was evidently not his intention to make the fight when and where he did. Chalmer's division had been ordered to Georgia and had reached Montevallo, Alabama, on the route, when he ordered them back to help repulse General Sturgis. Yet before they had gone half way he saw and took advantage of the opportunity, and gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war. Then at Oxford, in the summer of 1864, he was confronted with a vastly superior force, and in order to check the advance, he took the greater part of his command, and before he was missed from the front he was in Memphis, more than one hundred miles in the rear of the Federal army. He was accustomed to do things which, from their very boldness, were not expected or provided

against. When he made the raid into Middle Tennessee in the fall of 1864, and captured Athens and destroyed many block-houses along the Nashville & Decatur railroad, and took almost as many prisoners as he had men, his favorite strategy was to so deploy his force as to show the enemy that he had an immense army. He would exhibit his infantry, who were his men dismounted, and then exhibit his cavalry reserve, which was simply the horses with the horse-holders.

In this way he presented an argument to his entrenched enemy which was answered by a surrender, "to avoid the useless shedding of blood."

Take the battle of Johnsonville, where, with a few light field-pieces, supported by his cavalry, he captured and destroyed the entire Federal fleet of gun-boats and transports.

General Sherman wrote of that wonderful victory as follows: "On the 31st of October, Forrest made his appearance on the Tennessee river opposite Johnsonville (whence a new railroad led to Nashville), and with his cavalry and field-pieces actually crippled and captured two gun-boats with five of our transports, a feat of arms which I confess excited my admiration."—[Sherman's Memoirs, Vol. II., page 164.]

There was nothing too bold for him to undertake and he was generally successful in such movements.

He was, in a great measure, to the Western army what Stonewall Jackson was to the Virginia army. Yet the two men were altogether of different types.

The soldiers had great admiration for the genius and bravery of Forrest, and they always knew that his movements meant a fight and that every man *must* do his duty. He had no respect or toleration for a coward. He did not command the love of his soldiers like Jackson did. He dealt with desertion in the most summary manner.

In the last year of the war there was no such thing as drill, dress-parade, or review in his command.

He was a man of great will and decided character, and with all of his apparent harshness, had a kind heart.

It is true his operations were mainly in a country with which he was familiar, and among a friendly people, but it must be conceded that no man could have accomplished more with his resources. No braver man ever lived, and he commanded the confidence and enthusiasm of his men.

In his farewell address, he truly said, "I have never, on the field

of battle, sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue." And then as a benediction to a gallant army, he said: "You *have been* good soldiers; you *can be* good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be, and will be, magnanimous."

History has not yet accorded to General Forrest the meed of praise due him. He was one of the really great leaders developed by the war. And while it is not my purpose to compare him with any other, or to detract from the fame or glory of any, yet I must say that his name will be written among the brightest stars that shone in the dark and bloody firmament of a "lost cause." W. O. D.

THE RECORD OF A NOBLE WOMAN.



BEING inspired by an ardent zeal or a high sense of duty, not a few noble women during the war arose conspicuous to view. Their gentle deeds, though done in humble spheres, yet shone like "a bright light in a low world."

Fair exemplars they were of patriotic virtue, whose acts of devotion helped much to enshrine in our memories a melancholy past; and they should not be forgotten.

In the March number of *THE BIVOUAC* was given a short sketch of a lady who, during the war, tenderly cared for the sick and suffering Confederates in a Northern prison. It is now proposed to give the record of one who, animated with a romantic love for the cause of the South, left a luxurious home and spent nearly four years in nursing the sick and wounded in Confederate hospitals.

Mrs. Fannie A. Beers was a native of the North and the child of fond parents, who gave her every educational advantage and the means of acquiring all the accomplishments usual in refined circles. When very young she was married to her present husband, and, before the war, came South to reside at New Orleans.

By nature, ardent and susceptible, she readily adapted herself to the surroundings of her new life and soon grew to love the people and the land of her adoption. A few years of happiness passed and then came the sectional storm. Full well she knew that it threatened to sunder cherished ties, but it did not move her from the side of her choice. When the struggle came at last, and her home was

broken up in New Orleans, by the absence of her husband in the field, she returned to the parental roof to beguile the time in the companionship of her mother. But the separation, with the anxiety it brought, became intolerable; besides, from the positiveness of her opinions and the warmth of her zeal, she soon became ill at ease in the land of her birth. So, with her mother's approval, she resolved to face all perils and to return and share the fortunes of the Confederacy. Taking her little boy she set out for "Dixie," and after many trials arrived at Richmond, Virginia, just after the battle of Bull Run. Here she was kindly cared for by some old acquaintances, among whom was Commodore Maury, a friend of her family and who had dedicated his "Geography of the Sea" to her uncle, George Manning, of New York.

Through his introduction, she made many dear friends among the ladies of Richmond, some of whom pressed her to come and dwell with them. But she neither needed nor was seeking roof and shelter. If she so wished, she might have found them with her husband's wealthy relatives, in Alabama. What she felt the want of was occupation—work in behalf of the cause to which, in spite of selfish reasons, she felt impelled to devote herself.

In order that she might have this work, and at the same time be where assistance could be rendered her husband and friends at the front, she asked to be appointed a hospital matron. Commodore Maury for some time protested against such a step, saying that she was too young and had been too tenderly raised, but she persisted, and he finally yielded, as appears from the following letter:

RICHMOND, August 10, 1861.

My Dear Fanny:

You bear the heart of a true and tender woman, in the breast of a noble patriot. I will no longer oppose your wishes, and mean to help you all I can. Command me at any and all times.

Yours truly,

MATTHEW F. MAURY.

At first she assisted in a private hospital maintained by some Richmond ladies, who, by turns, sent in all the food required. Permission was applied for to enter the Louisiana hospital, but it was refused.

In a few weeks she was appointed matron in charge of the Second Alabama hospital, with liberty to receive a limited number of her friends who might wish to be taken care of there. Soon after she entered upon her regular duties, the sick and wounded began to pour in, and from this time forward she was constantly employed, till within a few weeks of the battle of Shiloh. With the departure of

her husband's command to Tennessee, she was disposed for a like change of field of duty. She now left Richmond, and for a few weeks only was occupied with a visit to her husband's relatives. Then she resumed her hospital work at Gainesville, Alabama.

Her subsequent career is best related in the following letters from surgeons of high rank, and whose official positions gave them abundant opportunities of estimating the work she performed, and the strength of the spirit which animated her.

These letters were called from their authors in the spring of 1883, nearly twenty years after the close of the war, upon the occasion of a musical and literary entertainment being tendered Mrs. Beers by her soldier friends, in New Orleans. So profound was the gratitude for her former services to sick and wounded Confederates, that all the military organizations exerted themselves to make it a success, and at the meeting of the members of the "Army of Tennessee," complimentary resolutions were passed, and the letters read:

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1883.

JUDGE ROGERS:

Dear Sir—Understanding that the members of the "Army of Tennessee" have tendered Mrs. F. A. Beers an entertainment, I feel anxious to aid in securing its success.

I am well qualified to testify to the valuable and disinterested services which this lady rendered in the Confederate hospitals during the late war. In truth, aside from officers and soldiers who may be now living and still holding in remembrance the kind and skillful nursing which she gave them *personally*, while wounded or sick, I know of only four persons whose positions made them fully cognizant of the heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice which she brought to the discharge of her duties. These are first, Dr. T. H. McAllister, now of Marion, Alabama, in whose admirably-conducted hospital she was the only matron during the greater part of the war. Second, Dr. C. B. Gamble, now of Baltimore. Third, Dr. S. H. Stout, now of Roswell, Georgia, Medical Director of Hospitals of the Army of Tennessee. Fourth, the writer.

I know that I can venture to speak in behalf of these gentlemen and for myself, in declaring that the skill and efficiency with which she *nursed and fed* our sick and wounded soldiers, and the coolness and bravery with which she faced danger in discharge of these duties, do merit suitable recognition from the survivors of those rapidly-diminishing numbers who fought under the Confederate flag.

Very respectfully,

S. M. BEMISS, M. D.,

Late Ass't Med. Director and Med. Director of Hospitals, Army of Tenn.

MARION, ALABAMA, March 11, 1883.

DR. S. BEMISS, NEW ORLEANS:

Having heard an entertainment was to be given in your city on March 29th, for the benefit of Mrs. Fannie A. Beers, I feel it to be my duty, as well as pleas-

ure, to add my testimony to her worth and to the part she played in the late war. During the three years she was with me as a Confederate hospital matron, she conducted herself as a high-toned lady in the strictest sense of the term, and to every word I may say of her, there are hundreds, yea thousands, of Confederate soldiers scattered all over the South, who would cheerfully testify to some facts if opportunity were offered them. After the battles of Shiloh and Farmington, and then the evacuation of Corinth, I was ordered to establish hospitals (in June or July, 1862), for the sick and wounded of General Bragg's army, at Gainesville, Alabama. With scarcely any hospital supplies I began preparations for the same, and in answer to a card published in the Selma (Alabama) papers, asking for supplies and a suitable lady to act as matron, she promptly responded. At first sight her youthful, delicate, refined, and lady-like appearance, showing she had never been accustomed to any hardships of life, caused me to doubt her capacity to fill the position of matron. She said she desired to do something while her husband was at the front, defending our Southern homes. I soon found what she lacked in age and experience was made up in patriotism, devotion to the Southern cause, constant vigilance, and tenderness in nursing the Confederate sick and wounded. I soon learned to appreciate her services and to regard her as indispensable. She remained with me as hospital matron while I was stationed at Gainesville, Alabama; Ringgold, Georgia; Newnan, Georgia, and Fort Valley, Georgia, embracing a period of over three years. She was all the time chief matron, sometimes supervising more than 1,000 beds filled with sick and wounded, and never did any woman her whole duty better. Through heat and cold, night and day she was incessant in her attentions and watchfulness over the Confederate sick and wounded, many times so worn down by fatigue that she was scarcely able to walk; but never faltering in the discharge of her duties.

At one time while at Newnan, Georgia, the Federal forces under General McCook were advancing on the town, and it became necessary for every available man—post-officers, surgeons, convalescents, and nurses—to leave the town and wards in order to repel the invading enemy. I was much affected while hurrying from ward to ward giving general orders about the care of the sick during my absence in the fight, to see and hear the helpless and maimed begging Mrs. Beers to remain with them, and they could well testify to how well she acted her part in remaining with them and caring for their many wants, while the able-bodied men of all grades went to battle for all they held dear. At the same time, all the citizens and officers' wives sought refuge in some place of safety. After the battle, which resulted in victory to the Confederates, and the wounded of both armies were brought to our wards and the Federal prisoners (about 1,000) to the town, her attention and kindness was, if possible, doubly increased, extending help and care as well to the boys in blue as to those in gray. In her missions of mercy she made no distinction. There she was daily seen with her servant going into the prison of the Federal soldiers with bandages and baskets of provisions to minister to the wants of such as were slightly wounded or needed some attention. Many a Federal officer and soldier would doubtless bear willing testimony to these acts of unselfish kindness.

While Atlanta was invested and being shelled she, contrary to my advice and urgent remonstrances, took boxes of provisions to her husband and comrades in

the trenches when the shot and shell fell almost like hail. While at Fort Valley her courage and patriotism were put to the severest test in an epidemic of small-pox. When all who could left, she remained and nursed the Confederate soldiers with this loathsome disease. I desire to say she was a voluntary nurse, and did all her work from patriotism alone, until it became necessary for her to remain as a permanent *attache* of the hospitals, that her name should go upon the pay-rolls. After that she spent her hard earnings in sending boxes to the front and dispensing charity upon worthy objects immediately under her care. She was with me as voluntary nurse, or matron, for more than three years, and during that time she conducted herself in every respect so as to command the respect and esteem of all with whom she came in contact, from the humblest private to the highest in command, and the citizens of every place where she was stationed gave her a hearty welcome and invited her into the best of society.

Feeling this much was due one who suffered so many privations for "Dear Lost Cause," I send it to you for you to use as you think proper in promoting her good. You know me well, and can vouch for anything I have said.

Very respectfully,

WM. T. McALLISTER, M. D.,
Late Surgeon P. A. C. S.

After such testimonials of worth and work, anything more would seem out of place. Yet we can not refrain from mentioning some of the sayings of soldiers who, though forgotten, yet recall her with affection for the tender nursing received at her hands.

Says one, "She was the moving spirit in the hospital, officially and practically. The first object of her ministrations was to relieve suffering and save life. The next was to fit men for service. When health was restored she would brook no shirking, but with the power of kindly words impelled patients to the field. Her zeal sprang from profound convictions of the righteousness of the cause, and with the vehemence of sincerity she wielded a great influence over those who had recovered under her care."

Another declares that he has seen her "not only bathing the heads of soldiers, but washing their feet."

So the evidence accumulates, and it is no wonder she is called by many "The Florence Nightingale of the South."



(Written for the BIVOUAC.)

SHAKING UP SHERMAN'S ARMY.

I was acting as a vidette, and was stationed several hundred yards in front of our skirmish line. The Confederate army extended from Kennesaw mountain, near Marietta, Georgia, to Lost mountain, a distance of some ten miles, and the Federal army completely covered our front. I was in advance of Pine mountain, which was held by our division, and this was about the center of the respective armies that were confronting each other, and which were then being drenched by continuous rains. I took my position on the outpost in the afternoon during a blinding shower, and it was not long until I succeeded in agitating Sherman's whole army—not by any deed of daring, however, but in rather a ridiculous manner. I had loaded my gun the night before, and, in the darkness, thought I had spilled most of the powder on the ground; so to make sure, I put in the powder of an additional cartridge, the ammunition being of English manufacture, heavily charged, and the powder very strong. I had not been at my post long when the heavy shower ceased, and I looked out for the enemy in front. I saw a "gentleman in blue" step out from behind a large pine tree which stood on the opposite side of an open field that lay between us, and he seemed to be looking out for a "gentleman in gray." To let him know that we were still in the neighborhood, I immediately pulled trigger on him, and my Enfield roared like a cannon! Stars danced before my eyes, and I felt like a cannon-ball had struck me! There were really two full charges of powder in my gun, and the concussion was so great that the hammer flew back to the half-cock, and the ramrod jumped half-way out of its place. The Federals must have thought that we had run a field-piece up to the edge of the clearing where I was, for they commenced shouting on the skirmish line, "lie down," and this was taken up by the main line, which caused a volley of whoops and yells to sweep along the line to the right and left, and was heard to die away in the distance, the commotion thus caused no doubt reaching the uttermost confines of the vast army in our front.

I do not know that I can lay claim to this as having been any great exploit, however, for it is a well-known fact that often a rabbit scared up in a single regiment would cause a whole army to shout. It used to be a common thing in our army to account for one of these whirlwinds of cheers that swept along by saying, "It is either a rabbit or a general!"

But to my story: As soon as I got straightened up, and some-

what over the shock my own gun had given me, I directed my attention to an earth-work of the enemy on a neighboring hill, where I could see the cannon frowning through the embrasures, being fearful that this battery *would* mistake me for a section of artillery and open on my position. The big guns kept a respectful silence, however, and as soon as I reloaded my gun (being careful to put in only one cartridge). I stepped out to see what execution I had done, fully expecting to see the "gentleman in blue" lying prone on the ground, and ready for a funeral service; but I had scarcely commenced making my observations when I saw a little jet of smoke spurt out from near the old pine tree, and a minie-bullet clipped a leaf off a chestnut bush, near my head. This convinced me that the "gentleman in blue" was not only unhurt, but was in for a fight, notwithstanding the great noise I had made. We, therefore, went to work, and had exchanged as many as a dozen shots each, when another heavy shower of rain came on and put an end to a bloodless battle. I have no idea how close my bullets came to him, but I know his clipped uncomfortably close to me several times. Still, from the result, I don't think either of us could have been rated among first-class sharpshooters.

If the "gentleman in blue" survived the war (and I hope he did) and is still living, the "gentleman in gray" would like to meet him, and settle one of the "vexed questions of the war," so far as he is concerned, and that would be to find out how close those nice minie-bullets of English manufacture came to the "gentleman in blue" on that occasion.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

HUMOR AND PATHOS OF THE OLD REGIME NEGRO.

'Glad to see you back 'pon de ole place, Sis Philis. Did you 'joy yo'se'f in New York?

Well, 'fore de Lord, Brer Primus, I ain't bin had time to know wedder I 'joy myse'f or not, kaze we wuz always in sech a monst'us hurry. Miss Ca'line stop at wun er dem big hotels, an' it 'peers to me ez if we wuz a goin' up an' down in de dum' waiter all de time.

Dat New York is cu'ous place, Brer Primus. I nebber sot eyes on sech a place, an' sech cu'ous people in all my life. De fu'st t'ing w'en we lan' off de ferry boat, wun er des yer peert young poor buckra chill'en' cum sidin' up ter me, an' says: "I say, lady, take yer baggage?" Well, I wuz a thinkin' he b'longed ter de hotel where Miss Ca'line wuz gwine ter stop, so I jest gib him my walise, an' 'fore

de Lord, Brer Primus, you know dat is de las' I ebber see uv dat boy or de walise either.

Wun day Miss Ca'line sen' me out fur a walk down Broadway, but I meet sech a crowd cumin' up, I s'pose dey wuz a-gwine ter a fune'l or a percession uv some sort, so I turn'd off dat street inter anudder, an' de fu'st t'ing I run agin wuz a nasty, dirty-face boot-black, an' he holler, "Ha! look at de free nigger; shoot de hat." You know, Brer Primus, Miss Ca'line nor ole Mist'es nebber 'lowed nobody ter meddle 'long er me, an' w'en dis po'r white trash come callin' me "free nigger," I tell you w'at 'tis, my ha'r jest riz on my head, an' I run after dat boy till I kotch him, an' den I boxed his jaws till I spec' de print er my hand is dar yet. But how's you bin gittin' on, Brer Primus?

Poo'ly, t'ank God, Sis Philis. I's bin 'rastlin' wid de chills fur mor' en a mont', an' dey 'most fotch me. Dem chills iz de mos' on-considerate t'ings I ebber see; dey upsots all yer kalkulations, an' kum 'pon you like a t'ief in de night. I's seed a heap uv de ups an' downs in dis life, Sis Philis, but I nebber had nothin' ter shake up dese yer dry bones like dem chills.

You does look sort er poo'ly, Brer Primus. Is yer gwine to leave Oak Bluff soon?

Me gwine ter leave Oak Bluff? No, Sis Philis, w'en ole Primus leff Oak Bluff, it will be in a box. You 'member dat night w'en little Miss Alice died, she call' me ter her bed, an' say, "Uncle Primus, will you promise me never to leave mamma an' grandma ez long ez you live?" Well, Sis Philis, I promised dat blessed chile dat, an' 'fore ole Primus would break his word ter her, he'd have his right arm tuk off plum up ter de shoulder.

After she wuz dead an' laid out, I went up ter de bed where Miss Mary an' ole Mist'es wuz a-sottin' lookin' at de dear chile, an' ez I kum up Miss Mary says, "You know, Uncle Primus, I haven't got de money to buy little Alice a coffin, an' she'll have to be buried in a pine box."

"Not w'ile ole Primus lib, Miss Mary, no chile of Mas' Robert's shall ebber be bury in a pine box," an' you know what I done, Sis Philis?

No, Brer Primus, w'at did you do?

Well, I gone down ter de landin', an' tak' de ole flat-bottom boat an' row ober ter de settlement, den I went ter de ondertaker, an' say, "I wants de nicest coffin you got here, fur a little chile seven years ole." Den I pulled out de ole wallet, an' took out de same money

Mas' Robert gin me jest 'fore he wuz killed in de battle. He little t'ought dat money wuz gwine ter buy his little Alice a coffin, an' dat it wuz de las' time he'd see ole Primus. Den I gone back ter de ole plantation, an' tuck dat blessed chile in my arms an' laid her in her little coffin, while ole Mist'es an' Miss Mary sot dere lookin' at de ole man, wid de tears streamin' from der eyes. W'en I got t'rough I tuck de little white hand up an' kissed it two or t'ree times, an' wuz goin' out w'en Miss Mary sez, "Uncle Primus, you've bin a father ter de fatherless, an' God will bless you as I do now," an' she shook both dese ole hands till dey fairly ached.

No, Sis Philis, I ain't gwine ter leff Oak Bluff, till de good Lord call me, an' den I wants to meet Mas' Robert an' little Miss Alice wid a clear conscience.

MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

The following lines were evidently written at the close of "Decoration Day" on the banks of a creek that ran along through the cemetery where was found an old grave, and upon the rude head-board was inscribed, "The Old Niggah," and there was also found an old yellow dog crouched upon the grave:

Thar's a lone grave on yon side of the creek,

That knows no "Decoration Day,"

For him that's left alone thar to sleep,

Was only a "Niggah," they say.

He died an old vagrant entirely alone,

And left not a soul to be sad,

They'd given him his freedom, but took away his home,

And his old yaller dog was all that he had.

They dug a rude hole and they chucked him away,

The poor old "cidevant" slave;

Not a prayer for his rest did any one say,

But his yaller dog laid down on his grave.

And thar you can see him, day after day,

At morning, at evening, at noon,

And thar's no inducement can call him away,

From his place on the grave of that "Coon."

Thar's a mighty fine monument standing right nigh,

But to me that poor mound looks biggah,

For thar's a monument money can't buy,

"A yaller dog's love for a 'Niggah.'"



Youth's' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

February 20th. I had a narrow escape yesterday. It was Sunday, and Miss Sallie and I rode on horseback to attend church above three miles from here. The sun was shining bright, and our horses were as gay as colts. Miss Sallie looked lovely. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I was the happiest fellow that ever straddled a horse. I rode close to her so as to catch her if her horse tried to throw her. Once or twice he made out as if he was going to start, and I grabbed the reins and stopped him.

Ah! how sweetly she looked at me when she saw how careful I was about her safety! A squirrel ran across the road in front of us, and her horse got so scared that he wheeled and tried to run. He couldn't get away from *me* though! I had hold of her reins in a second, and brought him to a stand-still. It certainly is a pleasure to protect a weak, defenseless female. It is a man's duty and ought always to be his pleasure. It seemed to me that I loved her all the more while I was taking care of her in this way. As I looked at her bright face and shining eyes, I swore inwardly that I never would love any other girl so much in this world. But I couldn't tell her so. Every time I tried it, my throat got so husky that hang me if I could get a word out. I would rather charge a Yankee battery than court that girl.

When we got about half-way to the church, just as we reached the top of a hill, I raised my eyes and saw ahead of us a squad of Yankee cavalry coming right toward us. They were not more than two hundred yards from us. What in the devil to do, I didn't know! Said I, "Miss Sallie, these are Yankees, and therefore got us." Said she, "Mr. Buster, let's give them a race for it." It hadn't occurred to me that it would be of any use to attempt to run from so many Yankees. However, I adopted her advice immediately.

We wheeled our horses, and I socked my spurs to the very heart of my horse. My horse (which I call Rebel) answered to the call,

and away he went. Miss Sallie laid her whip pretty heavily on her horse and followed me close. The Yankees, however, saw us, for they gave a shout and followed at a gallop. We went down the road like a steam engine. Rebel did his best, and he certainly made good time. I gained a few yards on Miss Sallie, but I didn't feel uneasy about her as I felt sure the Yankees wouldn't hurt a woman, and that it was *me* they were after. So, away I went, making the fence rails fly by me. The Yankees evidently were riding good horses, as they began to gain on us, so I judged, as they began to fire at me with their carbines. The bullets whistled past me, and several, judging by the sound, must have passed within two inches of my head. I didn't feel uneasy about Miss Sallie, as I knew that they were not shooting at *her*. *I* was the one they wanted. As I couldn't turn and fight all the crowd, and as there was no use in my getting shot, I laid pretty low in the saddle, so as to give the rascals as little to aim at as possible.

At every whistle of a bullet I dug my spurs deeper into Rebel's sides, and he answered nobly to the call. He went along at railroad speed, throwing the mud back in a perfect stream. The mud spattered Miss Sallie considerably, as I was running right in front of her. However, it was no time for politeness, and I kept right on at a tremendous gait. I had gained about twenty yards, at least, on Miss Sallie, but the Yankees seemed to be coming on faster than ever, and I saw they would certainly get me if I staid on the road.

Looking down the road, I saw a gate leading into a field, and I thought that if I could get through the gate I would stand a fair chance of getting away. So I dashed for the gate, opened it, slammed it shut behind me, and struck for a body of woods on the other side of the field. I shut the gate behind me in order to gain time on the Yankees while they were opening it. I did not feel uneasy about Miss Sallie, for I knew they were after *me*, and wouldn't hurt her. She kept on down the road and was soon out of sight.

The woods were about two hundred yards from the gate, and I felt certain I could reach them before the Yankees could open the gate and overtake me. On casting my eyes around, however, I saw a new danger that made my heart stand still. The infernal Yankees, seeing me go through the gate, stopped in the rear of their party, pulled down the fence, and were now cutting across the field in order to head me before I could reach the woods. A party had also come through the gate and were in my rear. Moreover, they kept up a steady fire upon me, and the bullets cut up the dirt all around my

horse, and I could hear them call out, "Stop, you ----- rebel! Stop, you infernal scoundrel!" Hang me if I ever was in such an infernal muss before in my life! I would have stopped and surrendered, but I was afraid the rascals would shoot me anyhow. So, running was my only chance, and I bloodied my spurs at every jump.

I had got within about twenty-five yards of the woods, and a big Yankee, on a big, black horse, who headed the cutting-off party, was about double that distance off, swinging his saber around his head, and cursing me as if I was a very devil. My chance was slim for getting into the woods, but I shut my eyes and bulged ahead. I saw the very infernal fires, and felt that saber going through my ribs as if through pasteboard. However, Rebel did his best, and I went into the woods with a rush, about twenty-five yards ahead of the big Yankee.

[Written for the BIVOUAC.]

SCENES AT DALLAS.

During war, scenes the most ludicrous generally occur at places where the Death Angel hovers the lowest, and bears away the spirits of our bravest and best. The names of our dead at Dallas is in itself a striking history of that most sanguinary field. My mind wanders back to the nameless graves of friends who were sacrificed there, and the withered, drawn hands, the empty sleeve, and the crutch are numerous yet among the survivors.

Scenes the most thrilling and the most laughable occurred there. A few which happened in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, I now recall. The hottest skirmish fighting was on the morning of the 26th of May, 1864. Companies D and G were engaged with varying success for several hours, until finally re-enforced by the regiment. Jim Cunningham, of Company G, had the middle finger of the right hand shot nearly off, and conceived the novel idea of having it set with the nail toward the palm—or the reverse of natural. This he called his "finger of scorn," and took a savage delight in exhibiting it. Corporal Curt Stanley, of Company D, while asleep a small distance behind the breastworks, was struck in the head by a "blue coat" sharpshooter and instantly killed. Lieutenant Horace Watts, of Company K, was lighting his pipe at a little fire just in the rear of the works, and talking pleasantly to us, who were in the trenches, when a bullet from a sharpshooter killed him.

One night our regiment was ordered to the rear and left to be relieved by one from Cleburne's division. Some disturbance on the vidette line brought on a somewhat rapid firing. The Federal lines in our front, supposing they were attacked, commenced the most terrible fusilade, their artillery joining in made the woods rattle with missiles of all sorts. Our regiment had gotten at least one hundred yards from the works when the din began, and the men thinking our works had been suddenly taken, moved out of the neighborhood with alacrity. Company D was deployed as skirmishers between the Fourth regiment and the right of Cleburne's division, and were ignorant of the movement of the command. We were, of course, filled with awe, as we knelt behind our little "rail piles," and expected every moment to be overrun by the enemy. Finally, some of us ventured to the works of our regiment to the right of us, and were astonished to find only three or four of the Fourth "holding the fort." The Union pickets had run into our works supposing them to be their own, and were greatly astonished when Adjutant Williams and Color-bearer Lindsay captured them. Some of our videttes surrendered to Company D, and it was a long time before we could convince them that we were their friends. Our regiment got back after awhile and peace reigned the balance of the night.

We understood that it was General Logan's corps in front of us, but never found any reason for the sudden scare that came upon them. I saw a Northern illustrated paper shortly afterward which represented a fearful battle and "Logan's corps" repulsing *seventeen* desperate attacks of the rebels! The scenes which followed these few minutes of shot and shell and terror were the most ridiculous ever witnessed, and would take pages to describe them.

So sure were we that the enemy were about to swoop down on us in large force, that every one knelt down with their guns thrown across the rails, cocked and ready to give them one volley and surrender. They never left their works, and we did not fire a gun.

On the 28th, we made a disastrous charge against the enemy's works. As soon as we came in sight of them we knew we had met them in vain. For there behind their entrenchments the "boys in blue," amazed at our audacity, were evidently waiting for another line or real force to come on in our wake, and storm their works. We had been drawn up in two ranks to make the charge, and the gaps between regiments showed plainly our weak condition. As soon as we reached the crest of a hill immediately in front of them, and not distant more than seventy-five yards, we halted, and Sergeant

Guill and myself took shelter behind a benevolent-looking log. By this time their line was a sheet of flame and death was feasting in our midst. The sergeant went to work on them with his "Enfield," and being a champion shot and extra cool he hit a man every time. Presently his rammer got fast in his gun after he had driven the ball half way down. "Shove it against the log, John," said I. "All right," said he, and drawing back and giving a lunge, he drove the rammer through the log (which was rotten) as if it had been mush. Thankful for our miraculous escape so far, we rolled back down the hill and joined our retreating columns.

FRED JOYCE.

A PAIR OF MITTENS.

The following incident is furnished by Alexander Belcher, of the Seventh Louisiana Regiment, First Brigade (Hays'). He enlisted at eighteen years of age, was promoted sergeant after the second battle of Fredericksburg, and served during the war in the Continental Guards:

After the battle of Rappahannock bridge Colonel Terry and I, being hotly pursued by a party of Yankees made a hard run for life and liberty, for we had determined not to be taken prisoners. We came to the bank of the Rappahannock river, and Colonel Terry throwing off his boots and army overcoat, jumped in and struck out for the opposite shore. I could not swim, and the water was so icy cold that I was immediately seized with cramps, so when the Yankees came charging up and covered me with their guns, I threw up my hands and surrendered. The Yankees fished me out with their bayonets, and as I was wet and shaking with cold, I was ordered to put on the colonel's overcoat and boots, and then marched off to be shipped to prison. Here I remained four months, when I was exchanged. The first person I met on my return to camp was Colonel Terry. I still wore his boots and overcoat. Glancing at the defaced and dirty garment which had, however, served me well in the Yankee prison, he he: "Belcher, did you happen to find a pair of mittens in those pockets?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "and *here they are*. I knew you thought a heap of them, and they are as good as new."

The colonel took them reverently, and looked very glad to have them back.

"God bless you," said he; "I value these mittens more than anything I possess, for my dear old mother knit them and sent them to me."

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

IN the war of 1812, stopping in a workshop by the roadside, one of General Harrison's soldiers questioned him as to his plans.

"Are you a soldier?" asked the general.

"Yes."

"Then, sir, *be* one," said the general, as he walked away.

IN the war between the States, General Jackson (Stonewall) ordered one of his colonels to attack a certain strong position. The colonel hesitated, and at length went to General Jackson to expostulate.

"General," said the colonel, "to attack that position is madness, my regiment will be exterminated."

"Colonel," said the commander, "do your duty. I have made every arrangement to care for the wounded and to bury the dead."

IN the first year of the Confederacy, State-bank money was at a considerable discount, and at this time the members of a volunteer company in Richmond, for the purpose of equipment, went to the theater to see a play which was of the kind that ends in a happy marriage. The play passed off without interruption until the generous father places a roll of money into the hands of the blushing bride, when a soldier, who was deeply interested in the heroine of the play and who had some of the depreciated money, yelled out,

"Say, Miss, you better look at that money and see if 'taint State bank."

PARIS, KENTUCKY, February 23, 1884.

Dear Bivouac :—Shortly before the battle of Missionary Ridge, when the Kentucky brigade was in camp at Tyner's Station, some two or three miles in rear of the ridge, I was on guard at the depot one dark night, watching some supplies. About twelve o'clock a lone straggler, who had been out on a foraging expedition, came along with a sack on his shoulder. Walking leisurely along, he struck his toe against a root and fell a terrible fall forward, and while down struggling under his sack, unconscious of my presence, he said to himself, "Why in the — don't you go to bed right?" He arose and went his way, knowing not that his soliloquy was heard.

BRUCE CHAMP.

Editorial.

A WRITER of the *Bivouac* published at Boston, explains the downfall of the Confederacy as the result of the triumph of the Puritan over the Virginia idea. Whatever truth there is in the article, the mode of presenting it is hardly generous in a conscious victor. Why should he say of the captives of his sword, that their ancestors bought negroes in the first place because they wanted somebody to tyrannize over?

He should also have told us why the Puritans sold them to the Virginians, and why the same were the first English to sell Indians into slavery.

This theory of the supremacy of the Puritan idea is a pet one of New England philosophers. One of them (Lord) goes so far as to say that New England has been to America what Latium was to Italy. Such arrogance provokes one to plain speaking. The overpowering beauty and grandeur of the Puritan idea is best exhibited in the colonial times. If it be not fair to instance the hanging of witches, it is sufficient to speak of the expulsion of Quakers and Catholics, and the exclusion of Providence and Maine from the first New England confederacy on the ground of religious difference. The Massachusetts idea did not conquer the South any more than it conquered England under Cromwell. By the fortune of war it succeeded in overthrowing the regal government and establishing a despotism, but the reaction restored liberty and suppressed Puritanism as a disturbing force. At Appomattox it was the European, not the Puritan idea which conquered.

Immigration for the last century has streamed across the Northern belt, bringing with it the idea of a nation as opposed to State sovereignty. It was the offspring of the contest between the lords and the people on the continent. The Puritans adopted it and then claimed it as their own. It was not only this idea, but the money and sentiment of Europe that the Cavaliers fought against. Had there been nobody else to fight but men of the Puritan idea, Toombs' boast that he would graze his horse on Boston Common would have been realized.

WE are in receipt of echoes from "Hospital and White House," by Anna L. Boyden, and published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. It is an account of the hospital experiences of Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomeroy, who was a faithful and enthusiastic nurse on the Union side during the war. The story is told in an interesting way and without bitterness. The crime of secession is grieved over as the sin of a dear brother fallen. An occurrence at Arlington, borders on the amusing. An old woman is reported as saying, "Massa Lee powerful hard at the whipping post," and the inference is permitted that great cruelties were practiced by the Lee family. This is sad. The old woman must have been misunderstood. The only whipping-post that Massa Bob was "hard at," was down on the banks of Rappahannock where John Pope and some other fellows got pretty badly whipped.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that in the account of the capture of the forts at New Creek, in the October number of the BIVOUAC sufficient credit was not given to General W. H. Payne, of Warrenton, Virginia, who had charge of the brigade which was in the advance and which took the forts. Though we differ with the writer, yet we have so much regard for his opinion and entertain so great an admiration for General Payne, that we here distinctly state that the latter had charge of the attacking column, and to his fertile genius and steady nerve was mainly due the success of the subtle approach and bold assault.

Our correspondent adds: "The supposed sword of the Federal commander at New Creek was delivered to General Payne by General Rosser, in the name of the division, and inscribed 'For gallantry and skill at New Creek.'"

THE convention for discussing and establishing the rights of women has again met and adjourned. The meeting was a brilliant success and was gracefully presided over by the venerable S. B. Anthony, of colonial memory. It certainly is encouraging to see the women and children of advanced thought at last coming to the front. 'Tis true that as their rights increase those of the men decrease. But *that* makes no difference even if the thing goes on till the lords of creation have become hewers of wood and drawers of water, so the wheel of progress keeps turning around.

It is shrewdly suspected that the continued overhauling of asylums is instigated by the press to get new supplies of horrors.

WE desire to collect for use in our office, original letters and autographs of prominent persons in the South, in connection with the late war; also, photographs of distinguished soldiers and citizens, together with scenes of battles or noted places, and would be glad if our friends everywhere would send us those that they can spare. Where they do not wish to part with them, we would be glad for a loan of them for a short time, and in some cases we would be willing to pay a reasonable price for them.

IN a letter recently received from Rev. Francis M. Hayes, of Ashland, Kentucky, who was a private in the Forty-ninth regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, he says, speaking of the contents of the BIVOUAC, that he was reminded of Shakespeare's lines, "Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

"As a member of the Federal army, I am proud of having served in its ranks; as might be expected, I love its history, and as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, do all I can to cherish its principles and serve its interests. The Stars and Stripes that I served under, are loved as I do my own life.

"And what of the soldiers who fought us under the 'Stars and Bars?' As I look over the past, I find my eyes moist, my hands extended, and my heart opens, and I can but whisper to the glorious God above: 'Father, bless them, for after all we be brethren.'"

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the members of the Grand Army of the Republic to raise a fund for the support of aged and maimed Confederates. Not Appamattox will brighten the future page of American history so much as the record of that fact.

COPYRIGHTING news resembles the right of discovery. The benefit inures to the nation which furnishes the discoverer.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. WELLER, the genial and efficient Clerk of the Louisville Chancery Court, was a Confederate soldier, having entered the service before his majority as Lieutenant of Company D, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, for which his training at the Kentucky Military Institute eminently fitted him. He served with distinction throughout the war, and was engaged in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Jackson, Chickamauga, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, from Dallas to Atlanta, at Peach-tree entrenchment, Utoy creek, and Jonesboro. He was twice severely wounded, and was awaiting his commission of major when his flag went down. He

united with the stern qualities of a soldier, all the gentleness of a woman, which made him beloved by his comrades. He is one of Louisville's best citizens, and whatever he takes hold of, whether in church, business, or politics, he makes it boom.

WE are glad to welcome our old commander, Major-General Thomas L. Rosser, as a subscriber to the BIVOUAC, of whom we had lost sight for some years. While in the saddle he was generally found moving on the flank or rear of some Yankee column, but it seems in peace he still has a weakness for them, and turns up now in their very midst, at Minneapolis, where he has succeeded in capturing spoils enough to make him a millionaire. Soon after the war he obtained employment as an axman in an engineering party on the St. Paul, Lake Superior & Mississippi railroad. He proved so efficient that he soon rose to the position of assistant engineer in charge of a party, and before long to the position of division engineer, when the road became embarrassed by the failure of Jay Cook. He went to Minneapolis and settled, where he held the position of city engineer until called to be chief engineer of the Northern Pacific. He was afterward appointed chief engineer of the Canada Pacific railroad, with headquarters at Winnipeg. While there the great real-estate boom took place in that city, out of which Rosser made a handsome fortune. He has recently been appointed engineer in charge of the Nicaragua-canal scheme to connect the two oceans by a ship canal.

OUR thanks are due to the Battalion Washington Artillery of New Orleans, for an invitation to their reception given on the 22d of February. The highly artistic style of this souvenir, while executed in the finest lithography, is an epitome of the history of this veteran corps, and we are pleased to recognize many of the subscribers of the BIVOUAC upon the roster of its officers, and the various committees of arrangements.

A GRAND EXCURSION.—Captain Louis A. Adam, commander of the Veteran Corps of the Washington Artillery, is organizing one of the grandest and most important military excursions ever given in this country. On the 12th of the coming October the ex-Confederate soldiers in Richmond, Virginia, will dedicate a monument to General Robert E. Lee, and Captain Adams has proposed to organize an excursion of the Veteran Corps to visit Richmond on that occasion. He has communicated his proposition to the command in this city and the members of it residing in New York, Missouri, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Texas, and has met with the promptest and most enthusiastic responses, approving of his plan. The eagerness of the veterans in desiring to visit Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia—places that they became so familiar with during the late struggles of the war, and where so many of their comrades

are buried—can be readily appreciated; hence, Captain Adam's excursion will create a furore among the old soldiers. He will have every assistance from the veteran associations and the younger members of the Battalion Washington Artillery.—*Times-Democrat*.

Let the arrangements include all within reach of the route—there are not only thousands in the South, but many in the Northern States, who would like to be present at such a reunion.—ED. BIVOUAC.

AS EDITORS of the BIVOUAC, we are mere gleaners in the field of literature, where so many busy brains are toiling to furnish thought to the millions of intelligent readers throughout the land. The conception we formed of these toilers in early youth was that they were a mean, ungenerous set, because our village editor objected to the urchins stealing his paste-cup and papers to make kites of, when his back was turned. The kind reception our magazine has met with, at the hands of the press, has entirely changed our opinion of our brother editors, and we are free to confess that we are proud of our fellow-laborers. To the Southern newspapers especially we are under many lasting obligations, and we authorize them to draw on us at sight for anything the BIVOUAC can command, and we will gladly meet their draft. Hoping none will feel slighted, we give our special thanks to the following papers for recent kind notices:

The Standard, Clarksville, Red River county, Texas.
 The Crockett County Sentinel, Alamo, Tennessee.
 The Bonham News, Bonham, Fannin county, Texas.
 The Cannon County Courier, Woodbury, Tennessee.
 The Maury Democrat, Columbia, Tennessee.
 The Kentucky New Era, Hopkinsville, Christian county, Kentucky.
 The Daily American, Nashville, Tennessee.
 Daily Mobile Register, Mobile, Alabama.
 Clarksville Times, Clarksville, Texas.
 Morristown Gazette, Morristown, Tennessee.
 Memphis Appeal, Memphis, Tennessee.
 Monroe Democrat, Sweetwater, Tennessee.
 The Bentonian, Bentonville, Arkansas.
 Opelika Times, Opelika, Alabama.
 Reporter, Ashland City, Tennessee.
 Elevator, Fort Smith, Arkansas.
 Democrat, Russellville, Arkansas.
 Louisiana Sugar Bowl, New Orleans, Louisiana.
 The Bulletin, Bolivar, Tennessee.
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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC is a monthly magazine, published under the auspices of the Southern Historical Society, of Louisville, Ky., and was established to preserve in book form such history and reminiscences of the war as those only who took part in it can furnish. In works now published are found accounts of the movements of armies, and the great battles of the war, made up principally from official reports. The object of the magazine is to supplement these by accounts which picture the soldier on the march, in camp, as well as in the field; his talks around the bivouac fire, foraging exploits, jokes, rations, wounds, hospital and prison life, sufferings, and his heroism and devotion to his country amid it all.

Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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Private Stonewall Brigade.

E. H. McDONALD, Business Manager.
Major 11th Va. Cavalry.

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